1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
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a few instances in which boys were older when adopted, and of the eighteen adoptions recorded in the village, three boys were under a year old and most of the remaining were under four when adopted. 597

Although the records show such a boy as a *yang tsu* (adopted son) his surname is legally changed to that of his adopting family. He may never be told about his natal home or his real family, since his extreme youth at the time of adoption makes it possible to keep the identity of his own family a secret from him. If the boy does find out, as sometimes happens, who his own family is, his adoptive family may attempt to prevent him from visiting them for fear he might refuse to come back or transfer his allegiance to his own natal family and thus refuse to be obedient. [551]

In Hsin Hsing a poor, childless couple, having adopted a young boy, later adopted a young girl with the intention of marrying the two. This boy, who was a bit older than usual when adopted, managed to learn who his natal family was and insisted on visiting them. He found that his brothers had recently become fairly well-off financially, and he entertained ideas of returning there permanently. His adoptive parents, fearful that their plans and future security would be upset, beat him and forbade him to visit his natal home. The boy's natal family could or would not do anything to interfere with the authority of the adoptive family, and he had to remain with his new parents.

For similar reasons, and because adoption of a boy is considered a business arrangement, the two families do not maintain *ch'in ch'i* or other relations between themselves. However, in a few cases in Hsin Hsing where the two families were previously friends or *ch'in tsu*, or were fellow villagers, the relationship was maintained, and there was little attempt to keep the truth from the boy. Of the eighteen cases of boy adoption in Hsin Hsing, in five of them both families were from Hsin Hsing, though almost all were adoptions between unrelated villagers. However, when I was about to leave the village, plans were being made for the adoption of an infant son between the families of two brothers who had formerly been the large landlords in the village. The older brother had four sons and three daughters, while the younger brother was childless. No money was to be paid, and, of course, the adoption would not be kept secret from the boy when he grew up. [612]

The villagers consider the adoption of a patrilateral nephew as a son an ideal form of adoption, but it is nevertheless rare. Usually, only large, wealthy families which have a strong regard for the traditional ideal of the joint family plus the means to maintain the ideal patterns are in a position to arrange such adoptions. The average village family, as we have seen, is usually weak in landholdings, financial resources, and numbers. It is generally of the conjugal type. In such 597 604 184

1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
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families, neither of two brothers is likely to have enough sons or sufficient financial stability to risk giving up the potential income and future security a son represents by allowing even a brother to adopt a male child. These small village families generally find it impossible to manifest many of the patterns of the traditional family ideal, with the result that son adoption in the Hsin Hsing village area usually takes place between families which are not related by blood.

1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
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628 612 796 574 [621] invite one's fellow villagers to the family feast. This means that if one is to have guests, and this is most desirable, it is usual to invite one's *ch'in ch'i* and friends from other villages. In a sense, the *pai-pai* furnishes the villager with an opportunity to entertain his *ch'in ch'i*. In any village, no matter how poor, such occasions are frequent and, most important, reciprocal, so that on this basis alone there is much visiting back and forth. On such visits among the *ch'in ch'i*, there is usually a good deal of warm feeling, often helped along by alcohol. Sometimes a *ch'in ch'i* may even remain overnight, not necessarily by intention.

585 574 612 604 [171] This same type of visiting takes place at the marriage festival of a son or daughter, when the principal guests are usually *ch'in ch'i*. At a wedding festival of a son the most important guest is felt to be the groom's oldest maternal uncle, who sits in the seat of honor. The importance of the maternal uncle at the wedding reception as well as other similar relationships with this uncle have been pointed out by Fei (1939:87) and other ethnographers working in mainland China villages.

562 574 593 [606] [612] Women, whenever possible, like to return to their natal home for a visit, but such occasions are limited by household duties. In a smaller and poorer household such visits may be relatively infrequent, but in a large joint family, especially if it is well-to-do, daughters-in-law take turns so that the visits may be both frequent and prolonged. Consequently, much of the visiting between *ch'in ch'i*, especially in poorer villages, is limited to the male members of the family. If the family is small, i.e., not of the joint-family type, it is usually difficult for a woman to leave her house and young children in order to return to her natal home at the frequent *pai-pai* and other visiting occasions. And so frequently we find the curious situation of the husbands and sons and often the husband's father going alone to the wife's or mother's natal home.

574 593 612 If on certain occasions the woman does accompany the men back to her natal home, she then dresses up and spends most of her time talking and helping in the kitchen and back rooms with her female relatives. The men, on the other hand, are warmly entertained in the mainroom of the house and are introduced to other guests, usually the host's *ch'in ch'i* through other relatives. Such meetings often lead to new contacts and friendships.

628 612 574 But the mutual visiting by *ch'in ch'i* is not limited to formal occasions like the *pai-pai* or marriages. Villagers, especially when they happen to be in the vicinity of a *ch'in ch'i's* residence, miss no opportunity to visit; there may sometimes be a planned visit when one is not busy with chores. In addition, when traveling to other areas, the home of a *ch'in ch'i* is usually a good stopping-off place where one will probably receive a warm reception. On these visits, which are talked about later with great pleasure, the villager is made welcome as a

585 bride's entry into the house, and then at last the girl is led into the house and presented to her husband's ancestors. Thus begins the lifelong process of her incorporation into her husband's family. The birth of her first child will affirm her position in the family, but it will not be until she dies and takes her own place on the family altar that the process will be completed.

The festivities which occupy the remainder of the day, and which often last on into the following day, are much less concerned with the bride and groom than they are with the importance of their two families. The female guests in the house pass in and out of the new couple's bedroom for another look at the new bride, and his friends joke with the groom and attempt to get him drunk, but otherwise the bride and groom pass from the center of attention. At the major feast of the day it is 585 273 521 the groom's mother's brother, not the groom, who sits at the seat of honor, and the various speeches and toasts offered by local notables [604] tend to be more concerned with the family's reputation and status than with the happiness and future of the newlyweds. The family history is described as long and illustrious; the names of notable members of the family are recalled for renewed honor; and assurances are given that the family's name will shine and their fortune prosper. The more the speakers drink, the more lavish and general the congratulations. The schoolmaster is praised for his erudition and scholarly accomplishments; the village mayor is tanked for his great contributions to the general welfare; and the community is described again and again as having a widely respected reputation in the eyes of its neighbors. Each new

her a married daughter in the eyes of her parents and a daughter-in-law in her family of procreation. One might easily argue that this is the reason her parents do not need to be present at the ceremony which gives her the status of wife. And yet there is other evidence which seems to suggest that while the adoption does give the foster family certain rights in a child it does not mean that she is married in the usual sense. If an adult woman's husband dies, she ordinarily remains a daughter-in-law in her husband's family, but in the case of a sīm-pûa the child's parents may demand her return if her prospective husband should die before the second ceremony. It is also generally recognized that the parents have more interest in the welfare of a child who is a sīm-pûa than they do in the welfare of a daughter who is married. When an adult married woman dies, her mother's brother may show his displeasure at the treatment she has received in her husband's family by knocking several of the male members of the family on the head with his cane when he comes to inspect the coffin, it being expected of the husband's family that they will wait kneeling at the door of their house for the arrival of the deceased's consanguineal relatives. But, as we have already pointed out above, it never happens that a married woman's family will take her back into their household, and they certainly do not have the right to remove her from her place as a wife and daughter-in-law in her husband's family. In the case of the sīm-pûa, however, the girl's parental family does have the right to demand her removal if they feel that she is being mistreated, and this does in fact happen upon occasion, although it certainly is not

*513 offset by gifts received from friends and relatives at the time of
535 the wedding. Depending upon their degree of relationship, relatives
431 usually give between NT$40 and NT$80, except for the groom's mother's
• [604] brother who must give at least NT$500; and friends and neighbors usually
give NT$20 to NT$50, although good friends may give considerably
more. But while these gifts are a welcome boon, they do not even meet
the cost of the wedding feast which is approximately NT$80 per guest.
[434] Given then that the average family's gross income is somewhere between
NT$15,000 and NT$20,000 one can understand why it is that many families
are reluctant to undertake a preferred marriage for even one son, let
alone two or three. The cost of even one such marriage may put a
family into debt for years.

*513 There are, of course, various ways in which a family can econo-
*584 mize on the preferred form of marriage. They can bargain over the
594 bride price until it is reduced to the bare minimum; they can buy
553 the lightest and least expensive jewelry available; the wedding feasts
can be limited to the family's closest relatives; and such common
elaborations as a band and taxicabs can be eliminated. The point is
that if a family has to economize so drastically it is better for
them to adopt a sîm-pûa than to even attempt the preferred marriage.
For the same reason that a family can gain face by marrying a son in
the preferred way, they can lose face by carrying out such a marriage
in a manner that does not satisfy people's expectations. A sîm-pûa
marriage does not enhance one's social position, but neither does it
involve the risk of losing such prestige as the family may enjoy.

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Ong Mong-chi did not have to marry because he had the son given to him by his foster sister as a forfeit for marrying out of the family. His is an exceptional case, however. For most people remaining unmarried creates a very real problem. They must somehow provide for their old age and for their security in the next world. For men the most common solution is to attach themselves to a married brother's family, contributing their income to the support of their nieces and nephews. These children are then obliged to their father's brother in much the same way as they are to their father and will support him in his old age. This is the situation of the three unmarried elderly men who had no children, and, if they do not marry, the four younger men we have discussed will probably follow the same pattern. When we knew them in 1960 they were each included in the kê of a married sibling and contributed a large share of their income to that kê. The afterlife of these men is usually provided for by giving them a brother's child in nominal adoption. This child is then under ritual obligation to his foster father, and is expected to designate one of his own descendants to carry on the truncated line. If an unmarried man's brothers cannot spare a male child, he may be given a girl, in which case the girl is in the same position as any other only child and must make a matrilocal marriage that will allow her to fulfill her obligations to her foster father. This is what happened in the case of the man who did not marry because of a mental handicap. Unfortunately, the girl's husband later deserted her, and she was forced into prostitution in order to support herself and her children.

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*593 The situation of the woman who does not marry is very different.
*562 Although it does not take the form of an explicit principle, it would
*597 seem that a woman's brother has no obligation to support her if she
589 fails to marry. Perhaps this is because she cannot make the same kind
769 of contribution to his family as could a man, or perhaps it is simply
that brother and sister are not generally under the same obligation as
[604] brothers. Whatever the reason, we do not know of a single case in
which an unmarried woman was supported in her old age by a brother or
a brother's child, nor do we know of a single instance in which a child
was given in adoption to a woman who had died without descendants. The
woman who fails to marry must provide for her own security in this world
and the next. As a result, those women who do not marry will usually
adopt children as the only means available for them to provide for their
future. Of the 11 unmarried women in our genealogies 7 (64 percent)
adopted at least one child, and 4 (36 percent) adopted two or more
children. The four women who did not adopt include Ng Cng-sueq who
bore three sons, and one other woman who bore a son and a daughter.
The two women who have neither borne nor adopted children are both
young and may still either marry or adopt. To provide for their
future they must do one or the other.

548 What is true of those women who do not marry is also generally
*597 true of all women who work at one time or another as prostitutes.
Although many prostitutes later marry, not all do. It is therefore
very common for these women to adopt a female child who will be able
to support them in the same profession should they not be able to find

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According to their relatives and neighbors, the Lim family could solve all their troubles by simply dividing their property and becoming separate independent family units. The large, extended family living together under one roof and contributing their incomes to a common purse is accepted by all Taiwanese as an ideal toward which every family should strive, but few have been able to maintain this form of family for any period of time. The fact that the Lims have done so makes them uneasy and watchful. Lim A-pou, with her devotion to the old traditions, has until recently been quite proud of this further accomplishment of her family, but as my stay in the village lengthened, it was obvious that she now wished a division of the family, no matter what it cost her principles and pride. Her growing dissatisfaction with Lim Chieng-cua's management of the family is not entirely emotional. She remembers poverty more vividly than the younger members of the family and in her mind it is intimately connected with tenant farming. Land, for her, is the only stable unit in an economy that changes as often and as disastrously as Taiwan's. When she sees income from the land going to pay factory workers, she imagines a day when pieces of land may be sold to enlarge the factory or pay its debts. Recent years seem less prosperous than past years. Better that the property be divided now, while it is still in the form of land, than later, when it may be an intangible piece of the factory. Lim A-pou does not understand nor trust the world in which her foster brother operates.

In her quiet campaign for division A-pou first made sure that she had the sympathy of her neighbors, for the opinions of neighbors have no small influence on arbiters in the settlement of family differences. Then, she began to urge her eldest son to be less compliant in his dealings with his uncle.

How successful she is in exacerbating the tensions already existing between uncle and nephew can be seen in a quarrel I had no choice but to witness. Lim A-bok walked into the dining room, grumbling to himself as he read a letter. "This man! He should be embarrassed to write a letter begging me for cucumbers. If he scorns people so much, why should I pay any attention to him."

Lim Chieng-cua looked up and asked, "What letter is that? Who is it from?" A-bok handed him the letter which he quickly read. "What's wrong with this? What's the matter?"

Lim A-pou came in carrying some buckets and said, "We never let him feed us three meals. How can he do this?"

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Lim Chieng-cua, looking confused and a little irritated since the letter was from one of his business associates, demanded, "What do you mean you never let him feed you three meals? Why do you say that? What's the trouble?"

Lim A-pou shrugged and said, "I don't know anything about it. Ask my son."

Lim Chieng-cua gave his nephew a questioning look. A-bok answered it unwillingly. "The last time I went to Lungyen to a festival [to represent the family] I missed the last bus. Even though I was in his house, he didn't say a word, so I had to walk all of the way home [a distance of several miles]."

Lim Chieng-cua, impatient and rather disgusted, answered, "Is that all? Did it ever occur to you how he felt at that time? His house was full of guests and his mind full of obligations. Why didn't you just explain the problem to him? I'm sure he would have asked you to spend the night."

A-bok snorted, "Huh! Explain! He is so suspicious of people that he thought I'd steal all his possessions if I stayed there one night. Have I ever neglected to treat him well when he comes here? This kind of person we can ignore."

Lim Chieng-cua, clearly trying to be patient, explained, "Now how can you ignore him? It is in these little things that you make errors. I am the one that has to be in contact with him all the time and do business with him. You have to think of my relations, too. I am the one that bears our family's responsibility to him. The cucumbers are unimportant things. Obviously, he has the money to buy them anywhere. The letter is just a joke and a way of complimenting us on the quality of our cucumbers. He is not so poor that he has to write a letter begging cucumbers from us."

A-bok said nothing more, but as he followed his mother out of the room, his face was sullen and unconvinced.

That evening when we were sitting in the kitchen, the subject of the letter came up again. Lim Chieng-cua said, "Look at it this way. You have given people presents and people sometimes give you presents, too."

Lim A-pou, immediately on the defensive, interrupted him. "We only gave Ong A-giok cucumbers because she often helps us in the fields. We never give them to anyone else."

Lim Chieng-cua answered patiently, "I'm not suggesting that you shouldn't give things to people. You can give things to your

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159 596 604 578 431 friends, and I can give things to mine. Didn't this man ever give things to us? He nearly always brings us a big bag of taste powder when he comes. I didn't ever hear him say it was only for me, did you? A person who wants to run a business outside can't be like this.

"Think about it this way for a minute. Suppose this person really had been very bad to you. And now here he is asking you for something, not you asking him. It is he who would be bringing shame on himself by asking, not on you. You can bring shame on yourself only by not giving it to him.

"You say he would not invite you to stay in his house for one night, but did you explain to him what the situation amounted to? No, you just said you had missed your bus. How was he to know it was the last bus or that there was no late train? He is my friend. If your friend came and asked for something and I wouldn't let you give it to him, how would you feel?"

159 596 604 578 A-bok had had all the lecturing on proper behavior that he could take for one evening, and he said rather loudly, "All right. All right. Don't just stand there and oppress me about it all night."

This bit of disrespect caused Lim Chieng-cua to drop the tight rein he had been holding on his infamous temper. He yelled at A-bok, "You accuse me of oppressing you! You are the one who is doing the oppressing. Haven't I explained anything to you?"

Evidently the expression on A-bok's face (which I couldn't see) angered Lim Chieng-cua even more, and he moved as if to strike him. A-bok jumped up and ran out of the room. A good friend of the family who had been sitting with us immediately pulled on Lim Chieng-cua's arm and began talking to him in a soothing manner. "All right. All right. This is just a little thing. There is no good in it for anyone in quarreling over it."

Lim Chieng-cua calmed down a little and the friend continued to talk to him softly and unemotionally—a trick this man has that makes him much called upon in the village to settle family disputes. "Don't argue with the boy anymore. He is young yet and still doesn't understand the 'affairs of the world.' You are of an older generation and must not lose dignity by arguing with him. If he cannot understand, just forget it for now."

After a bit, the friend in his role as peace-maker went in to talk to Lim A-bok and his mother. A-pou was scolding her son. "If he wants to hit you, just let him hit you. Why do you run? Let the others see how he treats us."

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The friend cut her off and began to speak to A-bok as if his mother were not in the room. "Oh, cucumbers. Cucumbers are nothing special. You grow them yourself. It won't cost you any money. Just give them to him. Why argue over these unimportant matters?"

Lim A-pou muttered angrily, "My son is afraid of Chieng-cua just like a shrimp. Even if he doesn't want to give them away, he will have to."

I asked Lim A-pou later if she thought Lim Chieng-cua would really have struck her son. She scowled and said, "Why not? Last August he hit him." When I probed for more details, she said, "Huh! That wife's slave!" and ended the conversation with her usual response of "I don't know anything about it."

A relative of the family did know something about it and was happy to discuss a topic of seemingly endless village interest. Lim Chieng-cua bought a fancy radio for the family. A-bok came in one afternoon to find it blaring loudly for the pleasure of Le-cu, Lim Chieng-cua's twelve-year-old daughter. Besides telling her it was far too loud, A-bok also pointed out that the broadcast was in Mandarin, a language with which none of them are too familiar, and that she should not listen to Mandarin broadcasts for fear that she pick up something from a mainland station and get them in serious political trouble. Le-cu felt saucy and told him it was none of his business because her father had bought the radio. This made A-bok angry and he said some things about Le-cu's mother and maternal ancestors (i.e., cursed in the familiar fashion). Lim Chui-ieng overheard this, as she does nearly everything, and reported it to her husband. Lim Chieng-cua did not bring the matter up with his nephew until the family confidante and arbiter was present. He explained the exchange to him, in A-bok's presence, asking for a statement as to whose behavior had been remiss. One thing led to another, and A-bok got a sharp clip on the head. The friend told me sadly, "From the time he was a child, Lim Chieng-cua has been very fond of A-bok. The only reason they don't get along anymore is the women between them. A woman's heart is always narrower."

Although the quarrel over the cucumbers seems ridiculous and seemed to flare with little provocation, when viewed in a fuller context, it shows some of the finer qualities of both men. Lim Chieng-cua, though he might have suffered from A-pou's ill humor, would have been well within his rights as head of the family to simply order the cucumbers sent to his friend and business associate. Instead, he chose

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to reason with his nephew about the situation and to educate him in some of the subtle details of social relations, a subject the Chinese classify with their other art forms. He failed because of his own temper and because he was not aware of the real reason for A-bok's anger with the man. A-bok's younger brother, Masa, who is frantic to get out of the village and into a white-collar job, was sent to work in this man's pharmacy, a business concern in which the Lim family has invested a small amount of money. Masa often slept in the shop and one night, after obtaining the permission of the owner, three of his friends spent the night there with him. Sometime during that twenty-four hour period, a small sum of money was stolen from the shop. None of the boys were out of Masa's sight during their stay, and he knew them well enough to vouch for their complete honesty. The owner accepted his statement, but commented tactlessly, "When no one is here to guard, I don't lose money, but when I have four guards, the money disappears." This made Masa furious. He went out, borrowed the small sum that was missing, and presented it to the man who was graceless enough to accept it, still however agreeing to Masa's innocence in the matter. A-bok has never forgiven the man for this insult, but he cannot explain his anger to his uncle because relations between Lim Chieng-cua and his youngest nephew, Masa, are good only when they are out of each other's sight.

As the senior male in his branch of the family, it is from A-bok that the formal request for a division of the joint family must come. Lim A-pou, whatever her other faults, is not the kind of woman who nags. She has nonetheless made it quite clear to her son that she would be happy to see them set up as an independent unit. A-bok's reluctance to take this step shows the good sense for which his uncle gives him too little credit. It also is an example of the pride that even his mother must admit does justice to his father and his grandfather. In his youth, A-bok showed some signs of following his father's way of life. He spent every evening with the local youths and, according to some, was involved in a certain amount of *lo mua* activity. Because of his father's career, A-bok's inclinations were taken more seriously than those of his peers, causing distress to his mother and whispers in the village. Lim Han-ci, however, turned out to be a much stronger force in A-bok's life than his father. Lim Han-ci was still a hard taskmaster in A-bok's adolescence, but his harshness had mellowed—not yet to the extent of spoiling his grandson as his own father had

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People would laugh at me. They would say, 'Huh! Look at the Lims now. In former generations they were so good and now they are just the same as us!' When my father and grandfather were alive, nobody dared to say anything more on a subject after they had spoken. Even older generations came to them for advice. It is because of this kind of a past that I don't like to talk about the family's problems with other people and let them laugh at us."

A-bok's comments were interrupted a good many times as the result of our vastly different weeding speeds. In substance he said: "You saw the quarrel I had with my uncle the other day [about the cucumbers], and you know all about it. I am too easy going. I let people look down on me. I don't know how long my life will be, but even if I don't see it, my children or my grandchildren will see if he [his uncle] treats his own children as 'well' as he has treated me. I just keep my head bowed and go on working. When he scolds me, I don't say anything back if I can help it. Whose temper is worst? My grandfather's was the very worst, but he didn't beat me. My own grandfather didn't find reasons to beat me, but now the younger brother is beating the older brother's children. [To a Chinese this is something like saying the world is turned upside down.] I don't think my uncle's children will just stand there and let him beat them when they grow up. His eldest son has a bad temper, and even worse, he holds a grudge over the tiniest things. Le-cu [Lim Chieng-cua's eldest daughter] will fight with you but then she forgives and forgets. I know what people are saying about me in the village. Some of them think I am right, and some of them think my uncle is right. Like Ong Liong-hong [a family confidante who runs a small general store on the outskirts of Taipei]. He thinks my uncle is right.

"My mother gets more and more angry because my uncle's children have several new sweaters and ours are full of holes. My wife keeps begging me to let her buy a pair of white shoes. I told her she couldn't because I didn't want anyone [i.e., Lim Chui-ieng] to talk about us. So what happens? Everytime my aunt walks out of the door, she has a different pair of shoes on. Yet everyday I hear her complain to you that it is harder for her to get money than for a beggar. So where does this money for shoes come from then? When it isn't her turn to cook, she is always off visiting this one and that one. You can't tell me that you can go visit people in other towns without

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spending money. Where does this money come from? Does it fall out of the sky?

"When it is my aunt's turn to cook, my mother is always around and she helps her with this and that. When it is my wife's turn to cook, my aunt runs far away and she never helps. She lets her children sit and cry rather than get caught near the work. My wife is slower than the others. Shouldn't Lim Chui-ieng be there to help her a little? Feeding the pigs is a good example. My aunt has never once chopped up the sweet potato leaves for pig food. We don't have many pigs to feed now, but we used to have over thirty. They ate a cartload of sweet potato leaves every day. My mother was so busy chopping that food up and cooking it that she didn't have time to turn around. My aunt never once helped her. Mother isn't as healthy as she used to be. How can she stand to go on working so hard all day long. Yet my uncle says the reason she won't raise pigs anymore is because she doesn't want to bother feeding them. The real reason she wants to quit is this. The last time we sold pigs they should have brought in about NT$8,000, but instead we got only NT$5,000 because we owed the butcher NT$3,000. My uncle was buying pork from him every day. If he bought it for everyone, we wouldn't have anything to say about it, but he doesn't. He buys only the leanest pieces and then they cook it with medicine and he and his family eat the whole lot of it. When he comes back from market, his wife takes the meat and hides it under that new bucket in the washroom. My younger brother has seen them do this too. One day just for fun I yelled to Masa, 'Hurry up and get the new bucket and wash it so we can mix insecticide in it.' My aunt took off at a run to get that meat moved. I didn't really want the bucket, I just wanted to see what she'd do. Masa laughed so hard he had to lie down on the ground."

I asked him if it weren't true that Lim Chui-ieng was not very healthy. She often takes medicines of various kinds. He didn't think so. "Huh! She is just pretending to be sick. Who doesn't know how to do that. If she is not healthy, then no one is healthy. If you have the money, who wouldn't eat tonic [a term for describing meat cooked in wine and rich herbs believed to generally strengthen the body]."

Growing somewhat bolder, I asked A-bok if he found it difficult to get money from his uncle for his personal needs. He answered bluntly, "We don't need to discuss that." After a few minutes, however, he did. "It is this way. When you give him money he is all

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smiles, and when you ask for money his mouth is very stern. I gave Ong A-giok her wages for weeding the cucumbers only two days ago. She did the work many weeks ago. I told my uncle that we owed her money, but he hadn't done anything about it. I thought he had paid her long ago, and I was very embarrassed. Whenever money has to be given out, it is always like this. Even if I don't ask for any money for three months, he will never say, 'Well, you must need money. Here is some so you will have it when you need to buy something.'"

I asked if his uncle might not think he kept money out for his own use when he sold vegetables. "You can't sell vegetables every day," he said, "and besides he knows enough to guess how much we can get for the vegetables we sell.

"'Even a shrewd man of great ability cannot get past a pretty girl guarding a gate' [a common proverb]. You can't blame him for all these problems. You have seen how that woman [Lim Chui-ieng] can nag. If she is eating and he comes in from the factory, she puts down her bowl immediately and follows him into the bedroom to talk. If she finds him sitting alone, she will hurry over to ask him about this and that and the long and the short."

By my own observation I knew this to be the case, but it did not fit in very well with some gossip I had been hearing in the village. Hoping A-bok's talkative mood would last, I asked him, "If she treats him so well, why did he go out to find a mistress that time?"

"It was her own fault," he answered. "I really wish they would fight again like they used to." A-bok grinned naughtily. "If it hadn't been for my mother and I, Lim Chui-ieng would have been beaten to death a long time ago. One time in particular it was really bad. Lau Kim-chiok was living in that house where her mother lives now. One night Lim Chui-ieng went over and looked in the window and saw my uncle's shoes in there. She was afraid to do anything by herself, so she got one of our friends to go with her—he was living in our house just then. He went with her, but she didn't tell him where they were going, and when they got there she broke the window. My uncle came out and chased her back to our house, trying to hit her. She tried to go into my grandfather's room to hide, but he wouldn't let her and said, 'I'm not going to get involved in this anymore. You solve your own problems.' She had no place to hide so she came into my mother's room. I pulled uncle away and my mother stood between them. Lim Chui-ieng shouldn't have gotten our friend involved because my uncle

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was going to beat him up, too. Besides that Lau Kim-chiok had a husband then. He wasn't home that night, but my uncle had to hurry and get a man to fix the window before morning or she would have been in trouble. This woman! How can she cause so much trouble and be so jealous. You know Lim Li-kui often used to come to play mah-jong with my uncle's friends and when her daughter [a prostitute] was home, she would come along to watch. Even this made my aunt mad so now Lim Li-kui won't come anymore."

Later in the afternoon, A-bok talked about his younger brother, Masa. "My uncle says Masa is just in the pharmacy to learn. My mother went to ask him for some money, and he told her, 'You know I would send home money if I had it. Uncle gave me enough money to buy a towel, some soap, and a tooth brush. I have no money at all. I was going to come home and ask you for some.' Masa is not a child now. How can you not give him money to spend on himself? If he asks my uncle for money, he gets at most NT$5. What can you do with that? Masa is nearly grown up. You cannot expect him to come and beg for a few pennies every day. I don't blame him for wanting to go outside to work. He hates farm work. Even last year he wanted to go outside to work, and I had to ask his friends to help me talk him into staying in the village. Masa says he gets angry every time he looks at this family. I had to beg him to pity his older brother working all day long like a buffalo in the fields. It is only to help me that he stayed. But later, he had no money to spend so he wouldn't work. I tried to explain to him that things were different now and that it isn't like when grandfather was alive. I was just like Masa at that age. My grandfather always knew what was wrong when I didn't want to work, and he'd give me some money to spend on myself. Young men don't want to work and have no fun. My grandfather knew how to keep me working. But really the times are different too. Now if you want to run a business, it isn't as easy as it was." A-bok was obviously thinking of his uncle's side of the story here and of the fact that his problems are different from the grandfather's problems. "Look how many of the companies that were really big then have just disappeared now. For people like us, it is better to keep the land. It is security.

"But I don't blame Masa for being angry. When he was a schoolboy, the work he would have to do was all decided before he even got home from school: where the buffalo had to be taken to graze, what field had to be weeded, and so on. It wasn't like it is now for Kim-hok

[Lim Chieng-cua's eldest son] not having to do anything. If Kim-hok was bringing honor to the family with his studies, I wouldn't complain about it, but he isn't studying at all. He plays all day long. When I was in the fifth and sixth year of school, I already had to work or the older generations would be scolding me. It wasn't long before I knew what I had to do, and I could do it without being told. Don't think I didn't prefer to play! But, they made me work and I was afraid not to. Children are all this way. If you don't force them to work, then they don't."

A-bok even relaxed enough to gossip about something that seemed to amuse him. "You know, Masa took a look in the account books at the pharmacy, and he says that Uncle has already taken out NT$800 worth of medicine, all hormones."

When I asked why, A-bok laughed and said, "Well, they say hormones are even better than *ginseng* for making you younger. [I think he meant to imply that Lim Chieng-cua was trying to achieve a longer and more energetic sex life.] Haven't you seen him taking shots all the time? He also drinks milk everyday, but then who in his family doesn't? If you say anything about it though, they always say it is because one or the other of them is sick. Our family hasn't the good fortune to have such bad health.

"You know that last quarrel I had with Uncle? If it had been Masa, he wouldn't have yielded and would have fought [physically] with him. Masa doesn't care . . . There was another thing that made Masa really mad. My aunt took all her children to Tapu one afternoon and somehow my son got away and followed them. She bought candy for all her own children and just let my son stand and watch them eat. Now you think about that. Was this 'proper behavior' or not? When her second and third sons were small, my mother took care of them most of the time. They even slept with her. So how can she act this way to my son now? Mother helps her all the time, even now, but she not only doesn't feel indebted to my mother, she thinks that she *ought* to help her. She thinks she ought to do this just like a servant. I tell my mother not to help her. My aunt never helps us do anything. She raises all those ducks and chickens and when they get old enough she won't kill them to eat, but saves them for her own family to eat as 'medicine.' You can see that we don't have very many chickens and ducks even for the big feast days." This is a source of great shame to A-bok's mother who is embarrassed that their pros-

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perous family puts on a show little better than the poorest village family on religious feast days. Even our assistants felt that the Lims did not live up to the standards expected of them in this regard. "If my mother hadn't raised some turkeys," he continued, "my wife wouldn't even have been able to have the chicken broth when my daughter was born. [This refers to a strongly held belief that a mother must have chicken and chicken broth at least three times a day in the first few days following childbirth.]

"What does this family look like? Who can see it most clearly? I think my grandfather could see it clearest even then. We should have taken some chicken cooked in wine to my wife's family home when my son was a month old. That is the custom—he was the first born and a male besides. We do this to announce our happiness. Uncle was in charge of the money then, and he didn't say a word about it, so my grandfather took his own money and sent someone to Tapu to buy the things for him. The people from my wife's family sent many things back and my grandfather made a special point of showing these things to Uncle. Uncle didn't pay any attention to this. Evidently that made Grandfather very angry and one of our friends came to visit him and found him like that. He said, 'It isn't as though A-bok doesn't work for our family. How can we treat him like this? No matter how poor this family may have become, we are not so poor that we are going to starve to death. It is only because A-bok's father is dead that he has to depend on us to do these things for him. If his father was alive, you can imagine how finely these things would be done!' I didn't know about this until after the friend came and told me. He said my grandfather talked and talked, and all the time the tears rolled down his face. The friend was very worried about my grandfather. He had never cried in his life.

"It was my grandfather who started the factory, not my uncle. When they couldn't make wine in it anymore, it just sat there empty and someone came and asked Grandfather if they could rent it to make paper bags. Grandfather said they could rent it if they would take him in as a partner. This is the way it got started. It wasn't my uncle's doing. My uncle should be teaching the younger generation how to run the factory, but he won't. I think he is afraid to let me or Masa know what goes on there. He thinks that if he doesn't let me know anything about how to run the business, he can take it later without any worries." This was the first time A-bok admitted in my

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presence to any thought that the family might eventually be divided. "But I don't think that will work. He doesn't say anything, so I don't say anything. But if he ever tries to take it by force, I will say plenty. This is left from my grandfather's estate—it is not something my uncle made."

A-bok is deeply in conflict about the future of the family and the decision his mother is urging him to make. From what I know of the family properties and economy, A-bok would certainly not suffer as master of his own half of the estate, and he might be better off. He is not only an industrious farmer, he is also a modern farmer. He is one of the few men in the village who reads the farm bulletins and tries new methods. He speaks with pride of older generations coming to ask his father's and grandfather's advice, but he fails to mention that older farmers now come to him for information on marketing or the new insecticides. In these areas of life he is confident. But, his uncle has always managed the paper work, the taxes, the officials, without bothering to explain his actions to A-bok. A-bok's inexperience makes him uncertain, and his uncle's impatience prevents him from asking for the information that would make the paper work seem less mysterious. He is afraid of his uncle—as are most people. A-bok grew up under an older generation of strong, dominating personalities—his grandfather, his father, and finally his uncle. He has learned what none of these men have had to learn: to bow his head and go on working. But for A-bok the strongest deterrent from making the decision to divide the family is contained in the above interview when he explained why he could not allow the land to go unweeded. "They would say, 'Huh! Look at the Lims now. In former generations they were so good and now they are just the same as us.'" Personal pride weighs very little, but family pride is the burden of generation after generation.

In this family of strong-willed, hot-tempered personalities, A-bok's wife, A-ki, provides the comic relief. She stumbles through the midst of family quarrels, oblivious and humming. If she feels the tension around her, she reacts to it by dropping a bowl on her foot or mistaking sugar for salt. Nothing in her mother-in-law's dark looks seems to be able to silence her aimless chattering. After the explosive quarrel over the cucumbers, she didn't wait an hour before asking her husband to buy her some useless item of clothing. Undaunted by his silence, she prattled on, and when he finally vented his anger by

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On the day I watched the annual fire-walking—an awesome ceremony in which barefoot men in a state of possession carry the images of the gods across a bed of hot coals—I saw Masa stop for a moment on his way to Tapu to look at the proceedings. I asked him later if he thought the gods had really entered the bearers' bodies and if not, why they acted so strangely. He laughed at me and at the whole affair and said the men looked to him like they were dancing "rock and roll"—for all he knew, they were practicing their dance steps.

Instead of remonstrating with Masa over the rather frivolous life he leads, A-pou and A-bok feel very sorry for him. Although A-bok has some understanding of his uncle's problems, his mother does not, and she assumes that if his uncle wanted, he could find a good paying job for Masa that would provide him with the kind of future he desires. Neither his mother nor his brother make any attempt to interest Masa in farming or confess to any hope that he will stay in the village. They act as if he had no responsibility to the family and is indeed only their pampered guest. His life and his grandfather's overlapped too briefly for the old man to leave his stamp. Masa resents his uncle's management of the family, but instead of urging his brother to divide the household, he rejects the whole system. The struggle within the family is to him but one more indication of what is wrong with the old ways.

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bastards" better than his own children. This was too much. Lim Chieng-cua struck his wife a heavy blow across the mouth. She ran into the courtyard but he followed her, grabbing a heavy scaling pole as he went. Fortunately, A-bok was moving sacks of rice in the yard and pinned his uncle's arms before he could strike her. Instead of leaving, Chui-ieng turned back to attack her tightly-held husband. A-bok had to call Masa to pull Chui-ieng away. She then ran out of the house. The uproar brought the whole family out of the house, and the children were whimpering with fear. Lim Chieng-cua turned from his nephews without a word and disappeared into his bedroom. A-bok's young son, more curious than frightened, demanded of his father in a loud, clear voice, "Why were you fighting with Uncle?" Although his father insisted gruffly and repeatedly that they had not been fighting, his mother, characteristically, began to giggle. A-bok shouted at her to get back to work, and the others returned to the house. Tan Chun-ieng was home that evening and it was she who took over the care of Lim Chui-ieng's children, seeing to their baths and getting them into bed. Lim A-pou and her daughter-in-law, the latter probably under strict orders since basically she is a kind girl, completely ignored the frightened and tearful children. The youngest wandered around the house pathetically asking anyone who would listen, "Was Momma getting a spanking? Have you seen my Momma?" It was not the feared father who had abandoned them, but their beloved mother. Long after the house was usually quiet, I heard sobs coming from the children's sleeping room.

Lim Chui-ieng went to the only refuge she had in the village, the home of Ng Kui-lian, the go-between for her marriage. There she borrowed enough money to get her to relatives and left the village at once. A little over an hour after the quarrel, I heard the clump, clump of old Ng Kui-lian's cane aggressively announcing her progress through the house. Her status as the original go-between gave her the right and indeed the obligation to act as peace-maker in the present crisis. Her status as an old lady gave her the right to speak her mind to both parties. After soundly scolding Lim Chieng-cua for interrupting her late afternoon nap, she demanded full details of the quarrel. He spoke frankly and her comments were equally frank. They talked for the better part of an hour before the old woman was satisfied that both had been, as she suspected all along, in the wrong. With that she left, intending to put things back together the following day.

Much to my surprise, Lim Chui-ieng returned to the house the

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next morning accompanied by her father's elder sister, a tiny, trim old lady dressed in black. Instead of summoning Ng Kui-lian, who should have been present at any negotiations between the two, Chui-ieng informed her husband that she was leaving the family permanently. I cannot imagine what reaction she expected from her husband, but from her subsequent behavior it is clear that she didn't expect what she received. Lim Chieng-cua agreed readily and said he would send someone immediately to summon the police that they might remove her name from the household registration and issue her a new police book. After a stunned silence, Chui-ieng threw all her good sense to the winds and with the biting sarcasm that has cost her so much happiness said, "That will be fine, won't it? You will really be a famous man now." She planted her final taunt with venom. "Yes, everyone will talk about how great the Lim family is now." The aunt, shocked less by her niece's outburst than by the dark red color appearing on Lim Chieng-cua's face, made an attempt to avert what was to come. She shouted at her niece, "Look at his face! You know his health isn't good. It isn't good for his health to get so angry!" But she was too late. In a frenzy, Lim Chieng-cua beat his wife about the head, grabbed her by the hair, and threw her to the cement floor where he punished her brutally with his feet. The aunt was frozen in horror and A-bok and his family were long ago at work in the fields. I had to abandon my anthropological immunity and participate in some direct foreign intervention. Lim Chieng-cua was literally shaking with rage when he left the room—his arms were jerking uncontrollably. The aunt's first statement when her tongue thawed was a typical Taiwanese reaction to someone's physical injury. She began to scold Chui-ieng.

By the time her foster mother arrived that afternoon, Chui-ieng's right eye was swollen closed and her ear and the side of her head were discolored with bruises and clotted blood. As soon as she saw her, the mother began to cry, "It's all my fault. It's all my fault. Oh, to see my daughter like this! Your grandmother and your father said that we shouldn't marry you to a man with such a bad temper, but I wanted this marriage. It is all my fault!"

Chui-ieng replied by begging her mother to take her home. "If I stay here he will kill me. He will kill me, I know it. He said he would kill our daughter." The rest of that day and all of the next a parade of people passed through Chui-ieng's bedroom, and streams of curious

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861 a resident is rarely alone. Children are always watched but their training is very relaxed and primarily by guidance and example. Only three times did I observe children being beaten although handslapping is frequent and threats are often used. The most common threat is to give the child
855 away for adoption. Children receive lots of affection and
861 considerable fondling. Life is such that few children are really raised in a semi-isolated nuclear family for if their homes do not already contain more than parents and siblings, there are either more distant relatives or good neighbors nearby. Everyone takes some responsibility for raising each other's children although harsh punishment is only administered by a member of the immediate family. Being harsh with
[604] a nephew led to one serious argument observed in an extended
[858] family. Children are not often held responsible for what they do and everyone claims they just do not know better.
863 For example, enuresis which occasionally continues into the
[513] early teens presents a real problem for the parents who normally sleep in the same bed with their children.[2] Yet, the wetting child is rarely struck. Instead, his liquids are curtailed in the evening before bedtime and his parents say he will grow out of it.

853 Solid food is slowly added to the diet at about three to four months of age commencing first with the thickened water used to boil rice. Weaning is gradual and so late that rarely are problems encountered.

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857 and it often appeared that some children were nearly as big
482 as the children carrying them. Grandparents were extremely
603 indulgent towards grandchildren. The only adult males ever observed sitting on the ground playing games with small
593 children were their grandfathers. Brothers rarely remain intimate for the role of younger brother toward older brother is patterned after that of son to father but not as extreme in formality and authority. Sisters do remain relatively intimate and the brother-sister relationship is var-
604 iable but usually warm. A woman's brother will often have special relationships with her children and exercises special duties for such events as their weddings, births, and funerals.

857 Children may gather grass for animals and run errands. Boys help father and girls, mother but their duties and responsibilities are light. Other than caring for siblings, most time is for play although there are no organized games except a form of tag ball learned in school.

513 The sleeping arrangements in the village furnish a
855 clue to attitudes toward children. As previously described,
[852] the typical bed is about 8' by 10'. A husband and wife nor-
[854] mally sleep together in the middle. A nursing child is placed next to mother until weaned when boys are placed on father's side and girls, on mother's, in ascending age order, the oldest on the outside. It is felt that children should share the bed with parents until around age 9 or 10 because children have bad dreams and someone should be close to